

The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

NO. 37.

Middletown Directory.

CORPORATION OFFICERS.
TOWN CLERK—E. W. Lockwood.
President—J. H. Hall, Secretary—L. P. McDowell, J. H. Walker, L. G. Vandegrift.
TREASURER—Joseph Hanson.
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—D. W. C. Walker.
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS—R. H. Foster.
LANDMASTER—J. B. Schreier.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

John A. Reynolds.

TRUSTEES OF THE ACADEMY.

Hon. John P. Cochran, Pres.; Henry Davis, Treas.; Samuel Penington, Secretary; James Kneely, B. Gibbs, R. T. Cochran, N. Williams, Principal of Academy—L. B. Jones.

OFFICERS OF CITIZENS' NAT'L BANK.

DIRECTORS—Henry Clayton, B. Gibbs, B. T. Hanson, John A. Reynolds, James Kneely, R. T. Cochran, N. Williams, J. B. Schreier, J. H. Walker, L. G. Vandegrift.
PRESIDENT—Henry Clayton.
CASHIER—J. H. Walker.
TOLLS—John S. Crouch.

DIRECTORS OF TOWN HALL CO.

J. M. Cox, Pres.; Samuel Penington, Sec.; J. H. Hall, Treas.; R. T. Cochran, J. B. Schreier, Jas. H. Soward, Wm. H. Barr.

CHURCHES.

FOREST PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. John Patton, D. D., Pastor. Divine service every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Lecture on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School in the Chapel at Armstrong's every Sunday at 10.30 a. m.
ST. ANNE'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Wm. C. Butler, Rector. Service on Sundays at 10.00 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sunday School at 9.00 a. m. Lecture on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 10.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursdays at 7.30 p. m.
COLORADO METHODIST.—Rev. N. Morris, Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 10.30 a. m., 3 and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1 p. m.

MASONIC.

ADONIRAM CHAPTER NO. 5, R. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall on the first and third Mondays of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.
UNION LODGE NO. 5, F. & A. M. Meets on the first and third Tuesdays of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m. Masonic Hall.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

DANOR LODGE, NO. 12. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge room in the Town Hall.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

FRANCIS BUSHNOR GRANGE, NO. 3. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Grange room in the Knights of Pythias Hall.

I. O. O. F.

GOOD SAMARITAN LODGE, NO. 9. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge room in Cochran Hall, No. 2, Cochran Square.

BUILDING AND LOAN.

MIDDLETOWN B. & L. ASSOCIATION.—Samuel Penington, Pres.; J. H. Hall, Sec. Meets on the first Thursday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.
MIDTOWN ASSOCIATION OF MIDDLETOWN.—R. H. Soward, Pres.; A. G. Cox, Sec. Meets on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.

MIDDLETOWN LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM.

R. W. Lockwood, Pres.; J. T. Budd, Sec. Rooms in TRANSCRIPT Building. Reading-rooms open every day until 10 o'clock, p. m. Library open on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 9 o'clock to 5 p. m.

AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

PENNA. AGRICULTURAL AND POMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Charles Beaman, President; J. T. Budd, Secretary; Wm. R. Cochran, Chairman of Board of Managers. Annual Meeting third Saturday in January. Fair of 1875, October 5, 6, 7 and 8.

DIAMOND STATE BRASS BAND.

Meets for practice every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

POST OFFICE.

OFFICE HOURS.—Opens at 6.30 a. m. and closes at 9 p. m. every day except Sunday. Mails for the North close at 6.45 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.
Mail for the South closes at 10 a. m. and 7.55 p. m. Freight train with passenger car attached, going North, leaves at 7.45 p. m.; going South, at 6.28 a. m.

DELAWARE RAILROAD.

Passenger trains going North leave at 7.04 a. m. and 3.14 p. m.; going South at 10.33 a. m. and 7.55 p. m. Freight train with passenger car attached, going North, leaves at 7.45 p. m.; going South, at 6.28 a. m.

STAGE LINES.

Stages for Odessa with 12 Mail, leaves shortly after arrival of the 10.23 a. m. and 7.55 p. m. mail trains.
Stages for Warwick, Sasfras and Odessa leave shortly after arrival of the 10.23 a. m. train.

FURNITURE.

UNDERTAKING.

UPHOLSTERING.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Middletown and vicinity that he has on hand a large and well selected stock of handsome and durable

Walnut and Other Furniture, which he will sell very cheap for cash. Buying at wholesale cash rates he feels assured that he can sell as low as the same goods can be bought elsewhere. By buying of him purchasers will be saved the freight on their goods from the city.

He is also prepared to attend to

Undertaking Work at short notice, and in a manner excelled by none. Persons wishing Metallic or Wooden Caskets or Cases will find it to their advantage to call on him. He has, also,

TAYLOR & SON'S

Celebrated Corset Preserver,

The Corset will be dressed in the finest fabrics and not be soiled, (and can be seen at all times) as nothing but dry cold air enters the Corset.

GEORGE W. WILSON,

Practical Cabinet Maker and Undertaker,

Feb. 12m Middletown Del.

FOR SALE.

150 Cords of Oak and Maple Wood, at short notice, and in a manner excelled by none. Persons wishing Metallic or Wooden Caskets or Cases will find it to their advantage to call on him. He has, also,

JOHN A. REYNOLDS,

Dec. 12-4f Middletown, Del.

Select Poetry.

A Name in the Sand.

G. D. PRENTICE.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pebbly shell was in my hand;
I stood, and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day.
As onward from the spot I passed
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast
And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twould quickly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Would sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of day, and be to me no more;
Of me, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in His hands,
I know a lasting monument
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Select Story.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Mark Coleman was an industrious, hard-working young man, who had begun the world with nothing, but who had very firmly settled one thing in his mind, which was, that he would some day be rich. Another point was, if possible, still more firmly settled, namely, that he would never run in debt to the value of a dollar. He had worked hard for several years, as a journeyman, at his trade of carpenter, to obtain the means to erect a small house and shop of his own. He had been for some time attached to an estimable young woman, as poor in the world as himself. Their union had been so long deferred, that both parties grew impatient for the time to come. Though only two rooms in the house were finished so as to be habitable, they resolved to wait no longer. But a small sum of money remained to furnish even these two rooms. But scanty as was the furniture which this sum would procure, they adhered to their first resolution not to run in debt, but to wait until more could be procured without obtaining it on credit.

One day a visitor was announced at their humble home—no less a personage than the wealthy Mrs. Ives.

'You seem to be setting out right in the world, my young friend,' she said, as she looked around their room. 'I suppose you intend to be rich one of these days, and I think you will succeed.'

'We hope some day to be better off than we now are,' replied Mr. Coleman. 'I know we have begun life differently from most young people,' he added, casting his eyes around the scantily furnished apartment, 'and the most of our neighbors think the worse of us for it. But the fact is, we have both of us set out with the determination never to contract a debt.'

'I doubt not you will soon be able to finish your house and furnish it neatly,' said Mrs. Ives, kindly and approvingly. 'I admire your spirit of honest independence, and should be sorry to do anything to wound it. But we have some furniture in our garret, which has been stored there a table room for more, and if you will accept the loan of some chairs and a table until it is convenient for you to purchase those which will suit you better, it will gratify me very much to let you have them.'

This offer was made with so much kindness and delicacy, that Mr. Coleman could not refuse it or feel wounded by it. After Mrs. Ives had left, he exclaimed:

'That is what I call a kind hearted, true-hearted woman. She has made me think better of all the world than I did half an hour ago.'

This was true. This delicate act of kindness had stolen the bitterness from the heart of the proud man—for proud he was, and it had taught him to think more charitably of all his race.

Years passed on, and Mark Coleman's dreams of wealth were more than realized. His house was soon finished, and neatly furnished, after which he had no reason to complain of the shyness of his neighbors. But he did not remain there many years. He removed to a larger place, where he could extend his business operations. After the first few years wealth flowed in upon him as rapidly as he could desire. But it is not our purpose to follow him through his career.

Our tale now passes over a period of some years. In a pleasant village, many miles distant from its opening scene, stands an old, dilapidated dwelling, of that peculiar hue which the suns and storms of three-fourths of a century impart to the natural color of wood. This dwelling is inhabited by a poor widow and her invalid granddaughter, a girl of fourteen.

The invalid is placed in the most comfortable corner of the only comfortable apartment the dwelling contains. A stand is placed close by the side of the

bed, covered with a clean cloth. On this stand the widow is preparing to place their evening meal.

The family were very poor. This was evident from all the sufferings of their humble home, and from the tone of the young girl as she asked anxiously:

'Will the food we have last longer than to-morrow?'

'I think not,' was the reply of the widow.

'Does not your faith begin to fail you yet, grandmother?' she asked as she looked at her grandmother's countenance.

'Why should my dear? We have not reached the extremity yet. Man's extremity is God's opportunity,' you know.'

But the faith of the young girl had not been strengthened and developed by a life of discipline and trial. She knew not how to trust in an hour so dark as this. All the evening she tossed restlessly upon her pillow. Withdrawing the curtain which shaded the window near her bed, and looking out, she suddenly exclaimed:

'Oh, grandmother! brilliant lights are gleaming from the windows of the great house on the hill! What does it mean? The house has been shut up ever since we lived here.'

'This reminds me,' said her grandmother, 'of what Mrs. More told me to-day. She said that a wealthy gentleman had purchased the house, and was moving in.'

Alice gazed a few minutes longer at the bright light gleaming from the windows, then, sinking back on her pillow with a sigh, she said:

'How cheerful it looks over there! how different their home from ours!'

Her aged parent read what was passing in her thoughts, and said:

'Alice, my child, do not envy the inmates of yonder mansion. Our sorrows, I trust, are preparing us for a brighter home than that. There is no Mansion on earth, however pleasant or richly furnished it may be, into which sin, suffering, and death have not free entrance. But into the home towards which we are journeying, neither weeping nor wailing can ever enter. How glorious will be the light of that place, which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to lighten it, for the glory of God is the light thereof.'

Another day wore away, and the widow's little stock of provisions was quite exhausted. As evening drew on she sat by the bedside of the invalid, endeavoring to sustain her by the repetition of those sure promises on which her own soul rested.

The gray twilight was fast deepening into the dark shades of night, and objects were becoming indistinct, when the widow perceived the figure of a man approaching her dwelling. She hastened to light her last candle, and had barely time to do so before a gentle rap summoned her to the door. The door being opened, a gentleman, apparently about sixty, entered the apartment, and accepted the widow's courteous invitation to be seated.

'I hope you will not consider this call as an intrusion,' he said. 'I have now become a neighbor of yours. Yesterday I moved into the house yonder on the hill—perhaps you will think I lay claim to the privilege of making a neighborly call at an early day. But to this claim I believe I may add another, that of former acquaintance.'

'Indeed,' said the widow, in a tone of voice indicating some surprise, while at the same time she closely scanned the countenance of her visitor, to see if she could discover any familiar lineament there.

'You do not recognize me?'

'I do not.'

'Do you remember a young mechanic by the name of Mark Coleman, who was settled near you when you lived in B?'

'Oh, yes; I remember Mark Coleman very well.'

'Well, I am Mark Coleman.'

'Is it possible! And you have come to reside in the large house yonder?'

'I have. You are surprised, but you cannot possibly be more so than I was this morning, when asking one of my new neighbors who resided here, I was informed that it was Mrs. Ives, the widow of the late General Ives.'

Mr. Coleman sat for half an hour conversing of the past and the present. His manner was very kind and respectful. When rising to leave he said:

'Now, Mrs. Ives, I have one request to make of you. If I should consider it a duty, and also a great privilege, to return some of the kindnesses of former years, I beg you will not feel oppressed with the slightest weight of obligation on that account, but will regard it as no more than what is justly due.'

As Mrs. Ives lighted Mr. Coleman through the little hall leading to the outer door, he pointed to a basket, which unperceived by her he had deposited there on entering.

'Hearing you had an invalid granddaughter,' he said, 'although it is my first visit, I have ventured to bring along some delicacies which may tempt her appetite.'

Mrs. Ives took the basket to the bedside of Alice, and displaying its contents, said:

'See here! my child, we only asked for bread, and our Heavenly Father has given us luxuries which might tempt the appetite of an epicure. Shall we not trust him for the future?'

Since the time that Mrs. Ives and Mr. Coleman were formerly neighbors, Mrs. Ives had passed through a long season of bereavement and losses. Death had deprived her of her beloved husband, and not one of the dear circle of her children remained to her. Losses and misfortunes had also stripped them of their once handsome property. All that was now left to her was one grandchild, apparently a confirmed invalid, and the dilapidated dwelling which sheltered them. This had once been mortgaged to her husband, and now remained in her possession, because those who had claims upon the estate had not thought it worth looking after.

After the night of Mr. Coleman's first visit, the wants of Mrs. Ives and her granddaughter were abundantly supplied by him. Several weeks passed away, and winter drew near.

'I fear,' said Alice to her grandmother one night, 'that you will never get through the cold weather in this uncomfortable dwelling.'

'What! distrusting again, Alice, when we have been so wonderfully provided for?'

'I know Mr. Coleman is very kind, and makes us as comfortable as we can be made here, but you are aged and infirm, and never spent a winter in such an abode as this.'

Mrs. Ives was about to reply, when Alice, who was looking out of the window, exclaimed:

'There comes Mrs. More. I wonder what has happened. She must have some news to communicate, for nothing else would bring her here.'

Mrs. More did not keep Alice in suspense a great while, for she had not been seated long when she opened her budget of news.

'You know,' she said, turning to Mrs. Ives, 'that cottage at the foot of the hill, beyond Mr. Coleman's?'

'Yes, it has been shut up ever since we lived here.'

'Who has bought it?'

'Mr. Coleman has bought it. As I passed the house to-day, I saw a large load of goods stand before the door, enough to furnish the cottage very neatly, so I suppose it will soon be inhabited. Every one is curious to know who is going to live there.'

Mrs. Ives smiled as she replied: 'If the goods have come, no doubt the inmates will shortly follow, so that every one's curiosity will probably soon be gratified.'

The next day was one of those beautiful days which often occur in the latter part of November, and whose charms are partially expressed by the appellation of 'Indian summer.' In the morning, as Alice looked from the window, she called to her grandmother, saying:

'Mr. Coleman's carriage is driving up to the door, grandmother.'

Mr. Coleman alighted from the carriage and entered the house.

'Come, Alice,' said he, 'don't you think you have strength to take a short ride? This day may be the last of our Indian summer.'

Alice was pleased with the thought of a ride, though somewhat doubtful if she were able to bear the exertion.

'I think you can,' said Mr. Coleman. 'The driver and myself will place you carefully in the carriage, which is very easy, and your grandmother shall go with you.'

All this was soon accomplished. As Mr. Coleman himself entered the carriage, he said:

'You had better take a farewell look at the old house, Alice, for it is not probable that you will ever see it again.'

Alice looked at him with a startled air, which Mr. Coleman perceiving, said:

'Don't be alarmed, Alice. If you should wish to return, I promise to bring you safely back.'

The carriage passed up the gentle ascent leading to Mr. Coleman's house, and down again on the opposite side, until it reached the cottage spoken of by Mrs. More. It drew up before the door of this cottage.

'How do you like your new home, Alice?' asked Mr. Coleman. 'I hope it pleases you, for your grandmother has a deed of the place.'

Mrs. Ives looked at Mr. Coleman with surprise.

'It is true, madam, and here is the document,' said Mr. Coleman, as he took a paper from his pocket and placed it in her hands. 'But we must not speak of this now, for Alice is growing tired.'

So saying he let down the steps of the carriage, and gently lifting Alice out, bore her into one of the neat front rooms of the cottage, and placed her upon a bed, which had been carefully prepared for this purpose.

'Oh, Mr. Coleman!' said Alice, 'how kind!'

'Now, no thanks, Alice,' interrupted Mr. Coleman, 'for there is no call for any. You see I am going to ask your grandmother to give me a title to the house you have left, in exchange for the deed which I have spoken of. As it is in full view of my own dwelling, and adds not at all to the beauty of the landscape, I shall consider myself quite a gainer, to obtain the privilege of pulling it down.'

Alice and her grandmother spent a very comfortable winter in their new and pleasant home. In the spring Mr. Coleman proposed that Alice should spend the summer in a neighboring city, under the care of an eminent physician, who he hoped might restore her to health. The plan was carried out with the most gratifying results. Alice returned in the fall with health greatly improved, and with the prospect of a speedy and permanent recovery. As she was sitting by her grandmother's fire, one evening soon after her return, she said:

'It is just one year to-night, grandmother, since Mr. Coleman called upon us, and found us in such deep distress. How very kind he has been to us. If you had been his own mother and I his daughter, he could not have been more kind. What can have led him to take so deep an interest in us?'

'I am sure I don't know, my dear. We were known to each other in former days, but I have no claim upon him for the many services he has rendered us. He seems to think differently. He will never let us even thank him, but seems pained if we attempt to do so.'

Mr. Coleman did think differently, and we will listen to his own account of the matter. An old friend from the city was paying him a visit, and chanced to inquire who lived in the neat cottage at the foot of the hill.

'Widow Ives resides there,' was the reply.

'Widow Ives! Not the widow of General Ives, formerly of B?'

'Yes, the same.'

'Does she own that cottage?'

'She does.'

'But I have been informed that she had lost all her property, and was left quite destitute.'

'She did lose the bulk of her property. But she made a good investment many years ago, which now yields her enough to supply her with all the comforts of life in her old age.'

'Indeed, I am very happy to hear it. I have been told that she is a very estimable woman, and should like to hear more of her history, particularly of this fortunate investment of which you speak.'

'In reply to this, Mr. Coleman related the history of his own setting out in life, and dwelt upon the sincere and delicate kindness shown to him at that time by Mrs. Ives. He wound up his narrative by saying:

'The interest of that old furniture shall supply that excellent woman with all she needs, during the remainder of her life.'

The Toothache.

A gentleman says after suffering excruciating pain from toothache, and having tried in vain to obtain relief, Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlor, who said he would detain me one minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathized with me while I briefly told him how sadly I was afflicted.

'My dear friend,' exclaimed he, 'I can cure you in ten minutes.'

'How? how?' inquired I; 'do it in pity.'

'Instantly,' said he. 'Betty, have you any alum?'

'Yes.'

'Bring it, and some common salt.'

They were produced; my friend pulverized them, mixed in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

'There,' said he, 'if that does not cure you I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Gath, and publish it in Askelon; the remedy is infallible.'

It was so. I experienced a sensation of coldness on applying it, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothache.

A GOOD RETORT.—A better retort is rarely heard than one made by Andrew Johnson, in a speech delivered from the steps of the White House when he was President. Some one in the audience interrupted him with the remark: 'You used to make clothes!'

'Well, if I did,' responded Mr. Johnson, with the coolest self-possession, 'didn't I make them well? Can anybody say that when I was a tailor I didn't make good clothes, and make them to fit?'

There is a volume of instruction in this little anecdote. It does not follow that every young man who makes it a rule to do well whatever he undertakes will one day be President of the United States; but it is very certain that without that rule no person can attain to great success in any walk of life.

Silver Threads Among the Gold.

I happen to know the author of that song, and I wish to warn the public against him. To listen to the sentiment of those words one would certainly feel that he was the darlingest, most devoted of husbands. But such is not the case.

'Darling, I am growing old,' is about the only true thing in the whole song. He is growing old, of course, and growing more cross and ugly every day. And as for

'Silver threads among the gold,' he never had golden hair in his life. It's black, and he wears it cropped close to his head. There is some little truth in the next line—

'Glean upon my brow to-day,' for his hair grows almost down to his eye-brows. And as for

'Life is fading fast away,' it doesn't fade half fast enough to suit his poor wife.

Then hear how he goes on over her—

'When your hair is silver white, and your cheeks no longer bright, With kiss your lips and say: "Darling, mine alone, alone, You have never older grown."'

His wife says that he was trying to sponge a dollar out of her to go on a spree with. And I think there isn't the slightest doubt of it. He gave her a black eye only a week before when she refused to lend him half of the dollar she had earned washing, and yet she persisted in not letting him have it. This accounts for his soft soap on this occasion. He probably knew that she was susceptible to flattery, and doubtless he had tried it with her before as a last resort. So he washed his face, shaved, and put on a clean shirt, then sat down and ground out the above sentiment.

She gave him the dollar, and he went home as 'full as a goat' that night, kicked her out of bed, wrapped himself in the clothing, nestled down into the warm place she had left, and she dressed herself and passed the remainder of the night on the lounge.

Josephine Mansfield and Her Jewels.

Oliver Logan writes very bright letters from Long Branch. Speaking of diamonds in one of them, she indulges in some slight reminiscences:

'I am less impressed with the financial importance of those persons wearing gems than I was before I heard of Josephine Mansfield's solitaires. Remember them? I never envied her them, to be sure, because, unfortunately for myself, perhaps, my illusions are past about such magnificence. When diamonds are family jewels, and form a part of the decoration of a great ancestral name, then I grant their possession carries weight. But in this country diamonds merely mean money, and it is a just question whether you will put your money in diamonds or something else. Some people think that diamonds are a good investment. I don't. I've seen diamond ornaments that cost thousands of dollars sold for a few hundred to the very jeweler who sold them in the first place. But I was speaking of Josephine's solitaires. How brilliant they were! As she sat in her box at the Grand Opera House, with Fisk on one side and Stokes on the other, her coal-black eyes sparkling with merriment, her coral lips smiling, there was something almost barbaric in her beauty. I don't suppose those solitaires were larger than an English walnut, be the same more or less; but sometimes, when the waves of light played upon them in a certain way, the ear-rings looked bigger than the chandelier. When her trouble eventuated, and the poor woman was left in so destitute a condition that I heard a variety hall songstress had taken pity on her and supplied her, with funds, I said to one I knew: "Why does not Mansfield sell those ear-rings Fisk gave her?" He didn't give her those ear-rings. They weren't his to give—he hired them. Thus it seems that it is not even necessary to own these jewels. You can hire them.'

A Chicago travelling man sneaked into a back yard; the other evening, put his arm around a Bedford girl's waist and murmured in her ear that she was his trailing arbutus. She snatched him with the side-board of an adjacent wheelbarrow, caught him with both hands about midships and gave him a flat-footed kick about the binnacle

The Middletown Transcript

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
Edward Reynolds.
TERMS—\$2.00 a year, payable in advance.
No paper discontinued until so ordered, except
at the option of the publisher.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:
Transient advertisements of less than one
inch in space will be inserted at the rate of
ten cents a line for first insertion, and five
cents a line for each additional insertion.
Rates for one inch and over, as follows:

Space.	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 inch.	\$ 15	\$ 30	\$ 90	\$ 150	\$ 200
2 "	25	50	150	250	350
3 "	35	70	210	350	500
4 "	45	90	270	450	650
5 "	55	110	330	550	800
6 "	65	130	390	650	950
7 "	75	150	450	750	1100
8 "	85	170	510	850	1250
9 "	95	190	570	950	1400
10 "	105	210	630	1050	1550
11 "	115	230	690	1150	1700
12 "	125	250	750	1250	1850

Business Locals and Special Notices 10 cents
a line for each insertion. Obituaries charged
for at the rate of 1 cent per line of right
words. Marriages and deaths inserted free.
Terms: Cash in advance, invariably.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 11, 1875.

Local and State Affairs.

Items of Local Interest.

P. T. R. Smith's second railroad excursion
from Wilmington to the Hudson river came
off on Thursday.

The school of District No. 94 will be opened
for the fall and winter session on Monday,
the 13th instant.

Peaches have been bringing somewhat bet-
ter prices this week. They now pay but not
much more than enough to make up for past
losses.

Each of the Wilmington dailies was the
"earliest on the street" with an extra con-
taining the returns of the city election, on
Tuesday night.

Mary Swiggett, a white woman of Wil-
mington, who has been married for about ten
years to a negro, committed suicide by taking
laudanum last Sunday.

The work of cutting off corn has com-
menced. Corn on light soil is ripening quite
rapidly, while on heavier and lower
ground is still very green.

The Fifth Annual Fair of the Kent county
(Md.) Agricultural Association will be held
at their Fair grounds, Worton Station, Sep-
tember 28th, 29th and 30th.

The Delaware Preserving and Warehouse
Co. are rapidly storing their large refrigerat-
ing house with peaches and some other fruits.
They both buy and store on deposit.

A heavy rain fell between Blackbird and
Smyrna on Monday evening. We had none
of it here, and the ground is as dry and
dusty as the sun and peach wagons can
make it.

Thomas Y. de Normandie, the well-known
dealer in china and silversware, of Wil-
mington, failed last week. His liabilities are
said to be \$100,000, while his assets are not
known.

The Boston peach train ran into the rear
of the Philadelphia train near Chester on Tues-
day night, and badly broke up and otherwise
damaged six cars, scattering fruit in all
directions.

The tug, G. W. Pride, bound up the Dela-
ware, with a large load of peaches, was
run into near Bombay Hook, Monday night,
by a large going down, and sunk up to her
deck, near the shore.

The proprietors of the Alden dry-dyeing
establishment at Milford, destroyed by fire on
the 30th of August, are preparing to rebuild
it without delay. They expect to have it fin-
ished in about ten days.

Senator Bayard's horse, driven by two of
his daughters, ran away in Wilmington, on
Monday, throwing the ladies out and break-
ing the carriage. The ladies were somewhat
bruised but not badly hurt.

Prof. J. M. Clemmer, of Wilmington, is
making arrangements to give one of his pleas-
ant entertainments called Children's Jubilees
in the Opera House of that city on the even-
ings of the 29th and 30th instant.

At a serenade tendered him by the Demo-
crats on Tuesday night Col. Whitely, the
newly elected mayor of Wilmington, declared,
in his speech, that he meant "to be the mayor
of the whole people" and not of his party
only.

I. C. Grubb, Esq., of Wilmington, gave a
basket of peaches, a few weeks ago, to the
captain of the steamship *Baltic*, which the
latter carried to Liverpool in the ship's re-
frigerator, and they arrived in good condi-
tion, too.

We stated, in an article on conscience-
money last week, that two brothers of Mr. J.
H. Primrose were fourteen years ago arrested
for robbery. That gentleman writes us that
the parties he had arrested were no relation
to him. He does not suspect any one of the
theft of the \$600 recently returned to him.

Autumn.

The autumnal days have come,
The saddest of the year;
It's a little too warm for whiskey hot
And a little too cool for beer.

A Lightning Peck.

The Seafood *Citizen* tells of a wonderful
feat which a streak of lightning played these
last week. It descended into the mill pond
of Mr. Jacob Williams, near that town, ter-
rifying the fish and causing the water to form
a column and to tower up many feet in the
air. A gentleman who saw it says that many
of the fish jumped out of the water upon the
shore.

Another Outrage.

On Monday evening as John H. From-
berger, an employee of the *Transcript* office,
was returning to his home on North Broad
street he was stopped by a gang of negroes
who demanded his money. In answer the
printer gave his assailant a rap over the head
with a cudgel that he had in his hand, and
having thus cut his way out, he retreated, on
the double cluck, in good order, uncaught
though pursued by his would be robbers.

Negroes Rampant and Defiant.

On Saturday night last, a number of ne-
groes stationed themselves on the St. Anne's
road a little below Middletown, to await the
approach of some white men, who worked
for Mr. R. R. Cochran, and as the latter came
near the negroes attacked and badly beat one
of them, a young man called John, who was
old, cutting his head and inflicting a wound
from which he bled profusely. Why this
attack was made on this particular individual
is not known, though it is said that the ne-
groes had a grudge against him from some
cause. The injured man's name we did not
ascertain though he belonged to the order of
"Peach Pluck."

Hearing of this outrage by the negroes
special policeman Thomas Burris summoned
a posse of citizens and went down the road
to quell the disturbance. Coming up to the
negroes he attempted to arrest a fellow named
Sam Sheppard, the leader of the gang, but
the negro drew a pistol and defied the officer,
saying "Arrest and be damned." The upshot
of it was the negro was not arrested and the
officer returned to town without him.

Middletown and Vicinity Items.

BY OUR LOCAL REPORTER.

The circus had two good audiences on
Monday afternoon and evening.
The news obtained from the doings of
tramps has been very extensive during the
past month.

The proprietors of our hotels are busy now
keeping their pavements clear of the inevita-
ble drunk—a tramp. They often resort to
carriage whips.

Accident.—A very painful accident occurred
at Sellers' drying house on Tuesday last. A
Miss Ireland, of Odessa, was paring peaches
when the knife slipped and, being a very
sharp one, cut a deep gash in the hand.
Much pain followed, and bandages were ap-
plied, after which the young lady went home.

The mixed train on the Delaware Railroad
did not leave Middletown until 11 o'clock
last Saturday night, and made Wilmington
stop at 3 o'clock Sunday morning. At this
time an engine was standing across French
street and some commenced backing. There
was a brakeman standing on the track two
yards back of the engine with his back turned
to it, talking to some one near. The con-
ductor of the mixed train commenced shout-
ing for him to get off the track, but he
seemingly did not in time to save his life or a
serious accident. Those who saw him were
greatly excited for a moment or two, for they
expected to see the man crushed under the
wheels of the "tender."

Arrested.—Another disturbance was Occur-
red at Delmarva drying house on Thurs-
day, by a trio of tramps, one of whom was
more forward than the rest. In making an
assault on one of the boys, the fellow was
struck once or twice just in time to save
the boss an awful blow that might have proven
serious. It is alleged that the tramp went in
the building and interfered with those work-
ing. On being remonstrated with, he com-
menced cursing the girls at a fearful rate,
frightening them badly. The superintendent
ordered him out, and his refusing to go caused
the striking. After leaving the place Officer
Held arrested the "prominent," and after a
hearing before Esquire Walker, he was fined
\$10 and costs, and put in the cells.

The Circus.—W. W. Cole's New York and
New Orleans Exposition gave two exhibitions
on Monday last, as per previous announce-
ment. The day was for the most part clear,
but a small sprinkle of rain caught the after-
noon attendance. The balloon ascension took
place at 5 o'clock, and was a very good
one of the kind. The animals exhibited were
very fine, and the cages were kept very clean,
more so than any ever in this town. Every
person present at either of the circus per-
formances speaks very highly of them, and
particularly of the spring-board exercises,
during which a double somersault was made
over two or three horses. Taking everything
into consideration, Cole's show is a good
one, and we are glad that one has visited
Middletown worthy the mention through our
columns.

Spoon Thief.—When a tramp appeals to the
kindness of our citizens for bread he gener-
ally gets it. On Wednesday one of the in-
dividuals was begging, and a gentleman took
him to Smith's restaurant and gave him
something to eat. After getting through
with the meal, the young man pocketed one
of the silver teaspoons and left. He was sub-
sequently arrested and placed in the cells un-
til the arrival home of Mr. Smith, when he
was taken before that gentleman and reprimand-
ed which caused him to cry freely and
beg forgiveness, and this being granted, he
was also given a good breakfast and allowed
to leave. He is respectively connected in
Patterson, N. J., and probably did this act
while under the influence of liquor. He has
been in the employ of Mr. E. R. Cochran for
some time, but on Monday got off on a "ben-
der," hence the result.

Drying House Burned.—Numerous kinds
of drying houses have been in the Middletown
market this season, and some of them are
rather beneficial to the peach grower, for
with one he can prepare his small or soft
fruit to sell to an advantage, where otherwise
it would be thrown aside. Among the pur-
chasers of these machines was Mr. E. R.
Cochran, who had one erected in his orchard
at town and put in charge of A. T. Brad-
ley. Everything progressed finely up to
Friday last, and no complaints were given
of the quality of drying the machine had
been doing. In the afternoon of that day
frames caught fire, suddenly, and despite
the efforts of Mr. Bradley, the dryer burned
down in fifteen minutes, entailing a loss to
Mr. Cochran of \$150.00. About six or seven
frames were saved from the flames. The
tramp near the dryer was badly scorched and
probably died.

Door Entered.—On Thursday afternoon a
burglary attempt was made to rob the
cigar and confectionery store of C. O. Foster,
on Main street, in this town. Mr. Foster's
daughter, Miss Maggie, had left the store and
gone to Anderson's drug store, whence she
returned in five minutes, and as she opened
the door, a man was in the act of taking
the money-drawer. He became frightened,
ran and jumped out of the back window and
escaped without any booty. The drawer
contained \$500 in cash, and would have
been a good "steal." The thief watched an
opportunity and when the store was closed
he went around in Mr. Penington's yard,
put his hand through a broken pane of glass
and drew out a nail that secured the window.
After this was accomplished he had but to
step in and "enjoy the benefits of the same."
No arrests have been made, but one fellow is
held in suspicion.

Peaches.—The market has been greatly im-
proved within the past week, and prices are
accordingly higher. In Chicago fruit is
bringing from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per crate, and
in Cincinnati \$2.00 to \$2.50. New York
prices have advanced at least 20 cents on the
basket. A gentleman, who is well informed
on this subject, gives his opinion that the crop
will average from 30 to 40 cents per
basket clear of freight and commission. This
would put on the Peninsula \$3,200,000 which
the estimated 8,000,000 baskets are shipped.
However, should the prices reach an average
of 35 cents, there would remain in the hands
of growers and shippers a sufficient amount
of money, even after costs for picking are
deducted. So it will be seen that no great
cause exists for the numerous and extended
complaints that have been made. The late
varieties will pay far better than the earlier
ones, as is evidenced by the increase in prices
in the New York and Western markets.
"All's well that ends well."

More of Them.—On Saturday night last,
a man came up to the writer, while at Mid-
dletown depot, very much excited, stating that
a party of Irishmen were after him to rob
him, and asked to be accompanied to the
passenger car, as he wished to elude them.
The last seen of him he was safe in Wil-
mington. On Thursday, a similar case occurred
in town. An old man rushed into B. R.
Stevens & Co's store and approaching Mr.
M. L. Hardcastle, shouted, "For God's sake,
Mister, take my money; they are after me to
steal it!" Ten dollars was handed to the
gentleman for safe keeping, and the man left

the store, followed by his two "friends."
During the former part of this week an in-
dividual of the tramp persuasion paraded the
town with a very large butcher-knife in his
hand, saying nothing but causing considera-
ble uneasiness to those who met him. We
mention these to show their characteristics,
which are often dangerous.

Lost R.—Before the circus had opened on
Monday, Mr. James Hurt, of Kent county,
Md., was in the museum watching a game at
cards. One of the men spoke to Mr. Hurt
concerning the game, when that gentleman
remarked that it was a swindle, whereupon
he was told that he had no money, or if he
had he was afraid to show it. Mr. Hurt felt
indignant, and immediately drew from his
pocket and counted out the sum of \$300.00,
and commenced exhibiting it to his chal-
lenged friend, but a moment had scarcely
elapsed when the money was snatched from
his hand. All attempts to catch the thief
were unsuccessful, as he eluded everyone in
his search. I also heard that a Mr. King lost
\$50 betting on the same game, and that he
made attempt to recover it with some result
as in the case of Mr. Hurt. We would ad-
vise all towns in which this "museum" ap-
pears to keep clear of the curtain that hangs
in the rear of the "fat woman's chair," for
back of it all this rascality is carried on. The
innocent are deceived there and brought face
to face with three villains.

The Refrigerator.—Much has been said con-
cerning this building, and I will add to it
some facts gleaned from a conversation with
one of the Messrs. Riker. On Sunday last 10
cars of ice were received from Wilmington
and were stored in the building. The de-
sired temperature has been reached, and the
working goes on very satisfactorily. Up to
Wednesday evening, it was estimated that
10,000 baskets had been stored. The report
that probably the early varieties that were
put in would be sold is untrue, for the build-
ing can scarcely be filled as it is, owing to a
process that the peaches have to go through.
It is supposed that about 40,000 baskets will
complete the number of this season's storage,
and the fruit is being rapidly received. I
have previously stated that the firm were
assuming all risk in the peaches received, but
they do not. The grower makes a deposit
and agrees for one-half the net profit of it
when sold next winter. This is done by a
blank receipt on which such agreement is
printed. Farmers are quite anxious to put
their fruit in the refrigerator since it has
been demonstrated by the *Ohio's* cargo that it
can be kept through such a process.

Suspension of a Postoffice.

The postoffice at Lynch's, Kent county,
Md., has been temporarily closed, and the
postmaster suspended. The cause is a charge
of some irregularity in the accounts of the
office. By the closing of the office great in-
convenience is caused to the people of that
vicinity who depended entirely upon it for
their mail facilities. The more especially is
this inconvenience felt by the peach growers
during the shipping season. To them it is
not only a matter of annoyance and incon-
venience, but also of pecuniary loss. It is to
be hoped that the matter will soon be settled
and the office re-established.

Terrific Accident to a Child.

On Wednesday evening, a farmer
named Ash, living near Iron Hill, in this
county, on coming home from the field, turned
a harrow with which he had been working
on its edge against a fence. In a little while
afterwards, Edith, a little three year old
daughter of Mr. Ash, climbed up on the har-
row in her endeavors to reach something
upon one of the upper teeth, when the har-
row tilted, over bearing the little girl to the
earth and one of the teeth entering her neck.
Every thing possible was done for the little
sufferer, but no hopes were entertained of her
recovery.—*Commercial.*

Failure of the Peach Shipment to Europe.

A telegram to Samuel Townsend, Esq.,
from Peter Wright & Sons, Agents of the
American Steamship Company, received on
Tuesday, announced that the peaches shipped
per the steamer *Ohio*, of their line, to Liver-
pool, England, were all rotten on their ar-
rival at that port, owing to the exhaustion of
the ice in the refrigerating vaults, which gave
out on the 29th of August. The fruit carried
went until that time and until the 2nd of Sep-
tember, when it gave way and "went down"
rapidly. It is said that but 15 tons of ice
were carried by the steamer, which was en-
tirely insufficient.

How a Marylander Lost \$300.

James Hurt, Esq., of Galena, Md., came up
to Middletown on Monday last and while
here concluded to go around to the show
grounds and see the elephant. He went—he
was more than satisfied. He stepped into
the small tent to take a look at the fat
woman, and saw there a chance to make a
fortune—a fellow had a box in which were
a quantity of envelopes containing some num-
bers and some blanks. The payment of a
small fee entitled a man to draw one of these
envelopes and if he got one with certain num-
bers he was to draw a prize—in one instance
a gold watch; in another \$500, &c. Now Mr.
Hurt was not foolish enough to think that
he could get \$500 or any other sum, out of
one of those envelopes, and consequently
refused to make the venture, but he lost \$300
for all that; and this is how he did it: While
talking to the man of the envelopes the latter
expressed his opinion that the whole party of
which Mr. Hurt was one, could not raise and
draw out a nail that secured the window.
After this was accomplished he had but to
step in and "enjoy the benefits of the same."
No arrests have been made, but one fellow is
held in suspicion.

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Commission Merchants.

S. B. CHASE & Co.
47 Market Street.
Chicago, July 28, 1875.

We would call the attention of the
Delaware Fruit Growers
to the favorable opportunity they have of in-
troducing their Fruit in the West this present
season. In ordinary years, our supply of
Peaches comes from Michigan, and the receipts
during the season, run from 8,000 to 15,000
one-third bushel baskets per diem, and when
the receipts run under 12,000, good varieties,
such as Old Mixons and Crawford's, average
\$1.25 to \$1.50 per basket. This year,

The Crop Being a Failure,

the few Michigan growers who have Fruit, are
offered \$2.00 per basket, in the orchard. From
present indications, we think DELAWARE
GROWERS can confidently expect
\$3.50 to \$5.00 per Basket,
of five-eighth bushel, in our city, and having
experience and standing in the business, we
offer our services, and shall be pleased to give
prompt attention to all shipments. The Fruit
can be shipped by Star Union Express Line,
from Philadelphia, at \$1.50 per 100 lbs., and,
in all probability, less rates can be made.—
The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad can get the
Fruit through in thirty-six hours, from the
orchards, and at less rates than the Star Union
Line. We have facilities for handling a Car
Load a day to good advantage, and if the
trade justifies it, so we can handle more, we
will advise you of it promptly. We make re-
turns the same day the Fruit is received, and
furnish telegraphic information of the Market
to all who desire it.

Trusting that we shall hear from you, we
remain
Respectfully yours,
S. B. CHASE & Co.

REFERENCES:

- Traders' National Bank, - - - Chicago, Ill.
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- Aug 8-11.

Maryland Affairs.

Taylor Robinson, col., from Kent land,
who some time in February or March last
stole a horse and buggy belonging to Mr.
John Gooten, near Andersonstown, Caroline
county, and who was caught at East New
market and lodged in Cambridge jail, broke
from prison on Friday night last and was
captured near Fowling Creek, in Caroline
county, on Saturday night, and is now in
the Denton jail.

The dwelling house, kitchen and meat
house belonging to Mrs. Sallie Whittington,
residing two miles from Marion Station,
Somerset county, were destroyed by fire on
Monday morning, and a little white boy and
colored girl perished in the flames. Nothing
was saved.—*Somerset Herald.*

On Tuesday last week George Denison,
colored, was arrested in Fairmount district,
Somerset county, charged with committing
an outrageous assault upon Miss Jennette
Cox, daughter of Mr. Elijah Cox, residing
near the village of Fairmount. He was com-
mitted to jail.

Charles H. Gibson, Esq., agent for the
Alec. Mackay estate, has sold to Collector
Nicholas Willis the Black Walnut farm, on
Tighman's Island, for \$1,750 Mr. Mackay
a few years ago paid \$8,000 for it.

The Talbot County Agricultural Society are
engaged in erecting stables at their grounds
at "Hambleton," preparatory to holding a
fair about the 18th of November.

The Agricultural and Mechanical Associa-
tion of Somerset county will hold its first fair
on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the
20th, 21st and 22nd days of October.

Myaher Paul Dietrich, of Milwaukee, feel-
ing his earthly tabernacle stored with trou-
bles to be expelled, decided, after full enquiry
and investigation, to employ Ayer's Pills.
In his haste to purify his Dutch stomach, he
mistook the directions, (2 to 7), and swallow-
ed 27 for a dose. This created, of course, an
appalling internal rebellion. But went
through the fight like a hero, and came off
victor at last, with a renovated system which
he proudly exhibits as a proof of the wisdom
of his choice. He is desirous of people to take
Dietrich's Pills, but kindly advises his
friends who are ambitious of following his
example, to "go sure and take the right
bottle."—*Minnesota Telegraph.*

Is your Life Worth 10 Cents?

Sickness prevails everywhere, and every-
body complains of some disease during their
life. When sick, the object is to get well, and
now we say plainly that no person in this
world is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver
Complaint and its effects, such as Indigestion,
Constipation, Sour Stomach, Headache, Heart-
burn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed
Spirits, Blisters, &c., can take *Green's*
Aloe and Pile without getting relief. If you
doubt this go to your Druggist, Dr. Cham-
berlain, Middletown, Del., or H. P. Baker,
Odessa, Del., and get a sample bottle for 10
cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cts.

Special Notices.

It is useless to attempt to cleanse a stream
while the fountain is impure. Dyspepsia,
complaints of the liver and kidneys, eruptions
of the skin, rheumatism, and all other dis-
eases arising from impure blood, are at once
removed by Dr. Walker's CALIFORNIA VIOLET
BETTER, the great and infallible purifier of the
blood, and renovator of the system. It has
never been known to fail, provided the patient
had not delayed using it until the vitality of
his system was too far gone.

All who want a good SEWING MACHINE
and having the Cash to pay for it, will have
inducement offered them at the Great Sewing
Machine Depot of A. T. STOOPE, N. E. Cor.
Fourth and Arch Sts., Phila., they can get at
no other Sewing Machine in this city. All
kinds of needles, oil, silk, cotton, linen
thread, &c., low for cash.

Old Machines taken in exchange, and par-
ties allowed liberally for same.

MIDDLETOWN ACADEMY.

This Academy will be
OPENED ON MONDAY, 6th inst.
Rates of Tuition:
Primary, Intermediate, Academic
1st Term—16 weeks, \$10.00 \$14.00 \$20.00
2d Term—12 weeks, 8.00 10.00 14.00
Payment at commencement and middle of
each term, invariably in advance.
The practical attendance of those intending
to patronize the Academy is earnestly solicited.
T. SUMNER STEVENS, Principal.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A light family CARRIAGE, in good con-
dition, for sale. Can be seen at
SAMUEL B. GINN'S,
Aug 14-17 Middletown.

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